Untitled

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In poetry,
I find myself searching for
whatever it is that
shades me,
molds me,
rolls over and curves
like mountain roads
against the thick skin of
realization.

What must occur
in veins,
war, desire, or hope
to make the spirit
pour like thick soup
into our minds,
clothing logic
with carrots and potatoes
and foggy broth?

What makes emotion fall
like petals at a bride's feet?
Does she know
she stamps on it,
breaks it,
shoves it away like
that knowledge she can never know,

loves it like cool rain
on sweaty skin.